

The Messenger

Volume 2013
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2013

Article 69

2013

Nature

Chris York

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

York, Chris (2013) "Nature," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2013: Iss. 1, Article 69.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2013/iss1/69>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Nature // Chris York

The crane fucks the cloud
His body dangles down
Losing breath,
ideas,
ideals,
despondency,

life.

A few pennies fall meteorically
Crashing into the ground with a determined *THUNK*
Bruising the earth like a child with his words
towards his mother

He is a phantom
The reality that we choose to drive past
On our way to fill our tanks with tears and lost
fathers' days

At the light the obese woman eats her third dough-
nut
The skinny druggie pops his third pill
The mother is distracted by the rays darting off her
chrome crucifix in the rear-view
The teen sends his thousandth text
The old man hasn't been able to see in years
And his body swings with the wind of the birds'
wings

A young girl sees him

Not his body

But the unheard prayers that turned him into this
ornament dangling from the sky, a resting place for
robins, blue jays, and cardinals

Not his limp, bloodless forehead

But the loneliness that called it home

Not his calloused hands

But the caste system that tattooed them

Some find comfort in books and promises

Others in the faux-reality manifested by elixirs

But what about those who try to live free

Unchained, capable of flight and empathy

Somewhere a seagull is perched on a rock

Carved by ghouls and promises

And the always echoing tide